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**JUST HUNTING**—By Ozark Ripley. Stewart Kidd, Cincinnati.

## Tabb was a friend of Sidney Lanier

FATHER TABB, By Jennie M. Tabb, Boston: The Stratford Company.

THROUGH his graceful lyrics the late Father John B. Tabb was known and beloved by all readers of American poetry. But of his life in general very little has been known owing to his retiring nature. That in addition to his priestly duties Father Tabb was for many years a teacher of English in St. Charles College, Maryland, may not be generally known; and it is of this phase of his career that Jennie M. Tabb gives so many interesting and humorous pictures as the novel part of her admirable little biography of her uncle.

Father Tabb entered St. Charles College in 1874, and remained there until his death in 1909. Twelve years before his death was published his "Bone Rules, or the Skeleton of English Grammar," in which he gives a "comic procession" of sentences to be corrected, of which the following are characteristic examples:

"He said if I seen you before it was took.  
 To tell you the physhe had ought to be shook."  
 "Lay still," his mother often said  
 When Washington had went to bed.  
 But little George would reply:  
 I set up, but I cannot lie!"

Father Tabb's friendship for Lanier, the poet, was the result of an acquaintance formed in prison during the civil war. Young Tabb was a captain's clerk on the Confederate steamer Robert E. Lee, which was captured in 1864, and was in prison for eight months in the company of Lanier. One of his best known verses is "Lanier's Flute," the melody that suggested this having been arranged by E. L. Turnbull, and played in many concerts in the United States. In addition to giving all the details of Father Tabb's life, his niece has reproduced nearly 200 of his poems illustrating the successive phases of his career.

## The Prince Who Laboured

for all workmen and oppressed. This great Cardinal settled the dock-workers' strike, backed up General Booth, sympathized with Ireland before Gladstone, warned of danger in German militarism before 1892, was frequently with Henry George and Ben Tillett and

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assisted Florence Nightingale in the inauguration of her great work. Manning's opinions are of interest to every friend of Justice and Labour.

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## BIOGRAPHY AND POETRY



## A great modern Greek poet

A HUNDRED VOICES, AND OTHER POEMS. By Kostas Palamas. Translated by Aristides E. Phourides. Harvard University Press.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

THE rarest thing in literature is a dynamic, revolutionary, lyrical poet of the first order. The author of the Psalms, the Book of Revelation, Omar Khayyam, Victor Hugo, Shelley, Whitman, Nietzsche, Swinburne, Blake, Verhaeren, D'Annunzio, Carducci are some of the volcanic isles of the ages, red clarions between full blooded lips, mighty Lucifers who fire the domes of the classical Halls of Fame.

Kostas Palamas must be enrolled among the great dynamic lyricists. He is the greatest figure in modern Greece. He is a world poet. He is Greek, moreover, to the core. He is patriotic in the sense that Victor Hugo is France's greatest patriot, Walt Whitman is America's supreme announcer and Gabriele D'Annunzio the glorifier of Italy.

The real glorifiers of their country are poetic idealists. Their road is a Via Dolorosa. They do not belong to security leagues, defence societies or salute the flag because they are afraid not to do so. Their work is psychic, spiritual. They work on the conscience. They dig into the flesh of the people. They electrify, consolidate, and lash. They are dissenters, because dissent is growth. The poetic tomtits swarm everywhere. Rarely comes the eagle. Kostas Palamas is an eagle.

He has fought his battle. In 1900 Kostas Palamas was the ruling spirit among the "Hairy Ones" of Athens. He was then secretary of the University of Athens. He led the war against the "purists and the monks." The sword of Romanticism and Individualism was drawn again against classical forms and ecclesiastical hegemony. Kostas Palamas led the same revolt in Greece that Heine led in Germany, Hugo in France, Swinburne in England and Whitman in the United States. Riots ensued. Eight were killed and sixty wounded in the streets. Kostas Palamas crawled on the walls of Athens. "The poet is the greatest patriot."

Europe takes its Art seriously. Can we conceive of such a thing happening here in the attempt to take "Jargon" off the Index?

Since that time Kostas Palamas has steadily mounted the heavens, the star of his genius waxing with the years. France has already acclaimed him. Two years ago Mr. Phourides gave Kostas Palamas's "Life Immovable" to the English speaking world. I then had the privilege of hailing him as a world event in poetic literature. Ecstasy is his life. He is a pagan—the ancient dithyrambic soul of Greece re-visited. He has the frenzy of Rodin's marbles, the sublime vision of Shelley, the flame of Hugo. A "Praxiteles of Shadow," he sometimes calls himself, and again he says, "Blood of my blood the madman was!" Prometheus is the Adamic father of great poets.

"A Hundred Voices," the first part of the present volume, is a collection of short poems in lyrical blank verse. They record moods and observations. Life and its everyday questions have battered at his nerves. Their note is sad, but of an immemorial beauty. Thought—the Intellectual Beauty of Shelley—is always his refuge.

O sins of weakness, sufferings of flesh, O wasted youth, and wayward years of manhood. Dreams robed in white and thoughts of bitter scorn, Sweet mate, and orphan home, and cruel life. My hour of death is near. Yet when the hands Of the black egress, throttler of the world. Press me with iron claws, I shall not fear: Written on me with burning letters, she Will read: "I loved you well, O Muse of Thought!"

The second part of the volume contains poems from "The Hymns and Songs of Wrath." This is the fundamental Kostas Palamas. In his poem to Victor Hugo he quotes the great Frenchman:

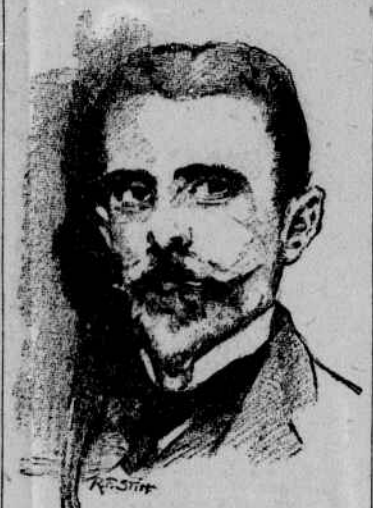
Words cannot be divided into noble words and vulgar: They all are flowers for the precious bee of thought.

The Cross of Christ is made to converse "with tranquil gods" and to weave crowns "of the wild olive tree of Attica." . . . and of the laurel boughs of Hellas," thus mingling the "cloud of Calvary with the white gleam of Olympus." In "The Great Dream"

Greece is warned to "cast the false worship of the past aside and, angry, to flee toward some unknown god who will be her redeemer and avenger."

In his "Trilogy of Wrath" the first poem is "The Monks":  
 We are the haters of the sun and all That finds delight in sunlight, love that burns  
 In hearts, and children's laughter; and we hide  
 The Gospel's living word in shrouds of death.

And in "The Great Dream":  
 With ruthless anger strike on memory  
 As on a viper, and blow out the flame  
 Of history; and when all ancient temples



Kostas Palamas.

Of white and crimson marble lie in ruins  
 Before you and all gleaming images,  
 Then breathe again and shout triumphantly:

And let your song of victory resound  
 Like startling thunder to all loving souls.  
 And like a young and untamed horse that snaps  
 Its rein, throws down its pride, the princely rider,  
 And with wild neighing gallops fast away  
 Toward the familiar air of endless steppes.  
 So flee you, too, with Anger as your mate,  
 Toward a god unknown who will be to you  
 Redeemer and avenger!

The third part of the volume contains two long poems from "The Great Vision" and "The Chains."  
 The fourth part is made up of "A Few More Songs," in a lighter vein. His poem "To the Body":

I praise the glitter of the eyes and face,  
 The power of the soul, the angry words  
 That loudly spring upon the human lips.  
 The youth of fair Antinous.

This book is a thesaurus of passionate beauty and hymns by a man who is a Pantheist; one who utters the "Everlasting Yea" of Nietzsche to Nature and all her works. In the original Greek his poems ought to be a priceless and immortal treasure. The translation of Mr. Phourides is as perfect a thing as can be done. It is a work of love and understanding. Mr. Phourides has enriched our emotional and intellectual worlds.

## His playmate was young Abe Lincoln

THE BOYHOOD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By J. Rogers Gore. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Reviewed by JOSEPH GOULD.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, as a reporter on the La Rene County Herald, Mr. Gore was privileged to gather the memories of Austin Gellaher, Lincoln's boyhood playmate on Knob Creek. It seems a pity that so much time has elapsed since then before the book was published. It bears the true stamp of the authentic. The author, however, feels the need of activities. He is not like the toll keeper who allowed the clergy to pass over his bridge. A friend said: "How do you know that a man is a minister?" He replied: "I ask every one who comes by. If he says he's a minister I let him pass. Ministers don't lie."

So much of the miracle of human nature has been compressed into Lincoln that it would shame our higher nature if we did not do him reverence. Every item that can be added to our knowledge of him ought to be guarded as shrines were guarded in the Middle Ages. These memories of Austin Gellaher are weather beaten, but time has spared their vitality. It is the privilege of the aged to see the past in a roseate hue. To have lived in close proximity to Abe the boy and not look for signs and wonders would have shown a lack of perspective.

Mr. Gellaher firmly believes that the hand of Providence protected Lincoln. When he came into the world, in the midst of a storm, it was almost a miracle that he did not perish. He had several remarkable escapes. He was almost buried in a cave. Mr. Gellaher believes that any other small boy would have been lost, but that a special fate watched over Abe.

The chief quality of Lincoln as a boy was his sympathy for animals. He

used to scold Honey, his dog, for killing raccoons. He was heartbroken when his pet goat died. He received a severe beating from his father for spoiling a hunt. He defended his point of view to his companion by saying that perhaps God cared as much for some wild animals as for some people.

In spite of his love for animals he had a hard side. When a man caught in the act of killing sheep was summarily shot, Lincoln was the least moved of any spectator. He realized the justice of the act.

If fate did intend Lincoln for a certain definite task, it was perhaps fortunate that his mother died while he was young. She encouraged in him a tendency toward introspection, and brooding and an excess of tenderness. These qualities are good in themselves, but if the adult Lincoln had developed too much in the direction of his childhood bent, he might have been spoiled, as we see so many noble characters spoiled by an excess of one particular virtue.

Mr. Gellaher draws rather an unpleasant picture of Lincoln's father. His wanderlust was responsible for the hardships of Abe's boyhood, but there were noble elements in it. He was no worshipper of Mammon, and his urge to see new regions had much to do with the development of his son's character.

Abe was very studious. He tried to make his chum, Austin, an enthusiastic over learner. He used the argument that if he ever sold a horse he should be able to count the money. Mr. Gellaher often regretted his lack of education. If he had become a lawyer, perhaps he might have been selected for some important task. Instead, it was his fate to be merely a trapper all his life. However, fate was not really unkind. There are fewer first class woodsmen than there are politicians.

## Chateau Thierry and La Fontaine

By PANAME.

WAR and peace have given the little town by the Marne best known to Americans a double fame. Three centuries ago La Fontaine was born at Chateau-Thierry, and the house yet stands—among the few. There came a company from Paris and other cities to pay honor to the author of the famous fables. The French Government was represented by M. Berard, Minister of Public Instruction, and MM. Capus and Fiers were delegates from the Academy. Actors of the Comedie Francaise gave an outdoor performance of the poet's little play "La Coupe Enchantée."

Alfred Capus, who delivered the chief address at Chateau-Thierry, interpreted some of the present meanings of the poet who wrote three centuries ago. He showed how those faded beauties had to work out among themselves the balance between personal impulse and the well-being of society.

"Our generation," declared the speaker, "loves him with a more intelligent affection than our fathers, precisely because we have had to go through a chaos in which man and beast have been thrown back to a state of nature, at the level where La Fontaine placed himself to study all creation. . . . La Fontaine teaches us to prepare ourselves to receive the shock of the forces of life and to brave them, smiling."

Americans read and appreciate the fables, of course. But they are woven into the very fabric of a French child's mind. Louis Giffet, who was brought up in Chateau-Thierry, makes this fact clear in the Literary Supplement of *Le Gaulois*. He tells how he first heard the fables recited by an old aunt:

"So, long before I read him in the books, I knew La Fontaine living upon human lips. . . . I took the poet himself to be an ancient uncle, a shadowy brother of the good lady, one who was always more or less a part of the family life, the hens, the cocks, the geese and the rabbits of the chicken coop, where we went every day with due ceremony to carry crusts of bread from the table. It seemed to me perfectly natural to see in our yard and garden the very scene of the fabulist."

The Countess de Noailles, whose poems were reviewed in *THE HERALD* some months ago, remarks acutely in *L'Oeuvre*:

"In the seventeenth century, in the epoch when inspiration was forced to bow to the conventions. . . . La Fontaine escaped from every artificial rule and restored the natural to nature."

"It is then incorrect to say that Jean Jacques Rousseau was the first to give us the sentiment of nature, free and expansive, for so she already appeared in La Fontaine."

Mme. de Noailles is very much the woman of the hour. With the honors of the Academy fresh upon her, she turns her attention to the aid of the starving scholars and artists of Russia. Here is a sentence from the address she delivered in their behalf at the Sorbonne:

"Victims of ill-fortune not yet overcome, they are nevertheless our fellow countrymen in science and in poetry; discoverers of truth, creators of beauty, builders of the nation of humanity."

And at the end of the article reporting that meeting *Le Progrès Citoyen* notes the presence of two American Red Cross members, adding:

"That example of solidarity given by young America to old Europe calls upon France to give in her turn to Russia, so young and so old. And hard as the task may be at a moment when so many miseries call for pity, the spirit that we find everywhere permits us to hope that the task will be done."

## The Cardinal was a wit

HENRY EDWARD MANNING: HIS LIFE AND LABOURS. By Shane Leslie. New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons.

Reviewed by W. B. M'CORMICK.

MANNING'S long and eventful life was thrust into a parting of ways and an opening of eras. He was at a Georgian Harrow and a pre-Victorian Oxford. He was a High Churchman outside the Oxford Movement and a Sussex parson before railways. His wife died in the same year that Queen Victoria came to the throne, and he himself became a Catholic in the year of Lingard's death. He wore the prelatial purple in the last days of Papi Rome. He



Cardinal Manning.

won the mitre in time to take a leading part in the Vatican Council and his red hat in time to share in the Conclave which elected Leo XIII. In many ways he was a link with the past and a prophet of the future. He was a cricketer before round arm bowling, a Free Trader before Cobden, a Home Ruler before Gladstone, an Imperialist before Chamberlain and a Christian Democrat before Leo XIII. He also seems to have preceded his fellow countrymen by a generation in their antipathy to Prussia. He himself had once desired a political life, though there is no ground for Mr. Paul's statement in his "History of Modern England" that he was "originally destined to a mercantile career."

This summary of Cardinal Manning's life is quoted from Shane Leslie's new life of Cardinal Manning for the reason that in his desire to make the work authoritative Mr. Leslie has "documented" his biography so extensively there is comparatively little of him and much of the epistolary records of Manning and all the great Victorian, Roman and American figures of the Cardinal's lifetime. This biography has been written "to meet the aspirations which have been allowed to gather round the name of Cardinal Manning since the publication of Purcell's 'Life,' an aim that has been accomplished in measure running over. Incidentally, it is a most effective antidote to the meretricious study of Manning presented by Lytton Strachey in his 'Eminent Victorians.' Mr. Leslie has been so conscientious in his efforts to correct the false impressions created by Purcell's biography that he has sunk his own characteristic brilliant witty Irish style into a soberness of treatment befitting the dual intention of this record of the great English churchman's life, round whose head controversy ranged for most of his 54 years.

Manning's life before his conversion to the Catholic faith, in 1851, is sketched in seven brief chapters. One tale comes out of his boyhood of robbing the vinery at his father's country house with the two sons of the vicar of Sundridge, both of whom, as did Manning, afterward became Bishops. "This is probably the only case on record where three future Bishops were guilty of larceny," reflected the Cardinal. "Were we punished? No, we were discreet. We gave ourselves up and were forgiven." For most of his life he kept metaphors from cricketers in his speech. He used to say he became a Catholic "off his own bat," and in his last years, "We have had a long inning, Newman and I." But he disliked the ideal of muscular Christianity and of a heaven where cherubs played curates at cricket indefinitely. To athletic priests he said: "How would you like to appear in the next world with a cricket bat in one hand and a chalice in the other?" He had other graces of expression, however. In some "verbal vignettes" made on his way to Rome in 1847 he noted, "In a garden by the sea a little girl of 8 dancing to the chime all alone"; and again: "Above Genoa the blue loom of the snow, mountains, and below the rose colour, then the silver of the moon chafing upon the waters." In Ravenna he observed "a monk not bowing at the Gloria," a preacher making too much of his composition, a virgin careful about her food on Fridays.

From the day he entered the Catholic Church Manning's life was one long fight for the things—religious, political, social—that he considered right as an Englishman and a churchman. One of the great merits of this biography is that Mr. Leslie has treated each one of the important Manning controversies in elaborate detail and with what may be called relentless documentation. His friendship with Florence Nightingale (if it was the Cardinal who first suggested her nursing career), his work at the Vatican Council, the difficulties with the

Jesuits in London, the Newman controversy (the work of outsiders rather than of the two men themselves), his relations with Irish affairs and his own Dr. McGlynn, his spiritual politics and his labors in settling the great London dockers' strike, all these are set down with a completeness as satisfying as it is historically valuable.

It was Manning's unique lot in life to have *Punch* reward him with a Mother Goose jingle for his work on behalf of the dockers and to have Disraeli put him into two of his novels—"Endymion" and "Lothair." Mr. Leslie considers the portrait in "Lothair"—the character is named "Cardinal Grandison"—as being "carefully drawn." The picture reads: "Above middle height, his stature seemed magnified by the attenuation of his form. It seemed that the soul never had so frail and fragile a tenement. He was dressed in a dark cassock with a red border, and wore scarlet stockings, and over his cassock a purple tippet, and on his breast a small golden cross. His countenance was, naturally, of an extreme pallor, though at this moment slightly flushed with the animation of a deeply interesting conference. His cheeks were hollow, and his gray eyes seemed sunk into his clear and noble brow, but they flashed with irresistible penetration." Leslie notes that Manning's eyes were dark brown and not "gray." Ruskin was very severe on the Watts portrait of the Cardinal in the National Portrait Gallery, and Manning said of it when he noticed the reflection of his robes in his features:

"Tell Mr. Watts that he has made me a tippler and I am a teetotaler!" His humor was better than this in his three stages of a lawyer: "He gets on, gets honor, gets honest"; and when he was offered a London paper as a church organ he asked: "Don't you think there is something incongruous between latest sporting and latest ecclesiastical?" Dumas' "Dame aux Camélias" he described as "transfigured profligacy and unchastity in Laloes."

The underhanded schemer that Strachey pictured fades before this personal résumé of his own character written after Manning had been made Archbishop in 1865: "I feel thankful that this has not come upon me sooner, for if I were ten years younger I should be ten years foolisher. . . . I don't think any pleasure or society or worldly honor have hold over me. I have been so long unpopular and disliked and misrepresented that I hope I have expiated the flood of unpopularity I had before I was in the truth and healed of the temptation for the future. But I must wait over this, and if at any time I cease to find pleasure in the lowest and hardest works of the pastoral cure, or if I ever soften down the truth or am silent when I ought to speak out, I shall have the sign that the world is still in me." And of Newman he wrote toward the end of his life: "During all this time I can declare that I have cherished the old friendship between us. . . . I can truly say that through all these years I have never had a feeling of offence or of resentment against Newman. I began with a great admiration, a true affection and warm friendship. I always regarded him as so far above me in gifts and culture of every kind that I have never had a temptation to rivalry or jealousy."

## Keats in one volume

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN KEATS. Edited With an Introduction and Textual Notes by H. Buxton Forman. Oxford University Press.

IN the Oxford edition of standard authors now appears "an authoritative text of the whole body of Keats's poetry." Nearly five hundred clearly printed pages would make too bulky a volume but for the thin, smooth paper used. In an extended "Introduction" the editor sets forth his aim in preparing this newest edition among many. Many bibliographical details of the various editions of the poet are given, and the frontispiece is the portrait from Joseph Severn's drawing. Also a print of Haydn's life mask of Keats is given, placed in the position of Severn's drawing.

The title pages of Keats's three published volumes are reproduced in facsimile, and a special note declares that the whole of Keats's known works in verse are included in this volume with a selection of variorum readings. Also sixteen lines of "The Eve of St. Mark," found by the editor in a Keats scrap book, are given in the "Introduction," which have not been printed heretofore in any edition of the poet. An edition for the student as well as the general reader finely inclusive, yet kept in bounds with great mechanical skill of printer and binder.

On their recent stay at Paris, both Mr. and Mrs. John Drinkwater took part in Hackett's production of "Macbeth," Mr. Drinkwater playing the role of Banquo, while Mrs. Drinkwater "walked on." In playing Banquo the modern poet is following in the footsteps of Shakespeare himself, for William was the Ghost in "Hamlet."

Dr. Linwood Taft, director of pageantry of the Drama League of America, has prepared "The Technique of Pageantry," a book that will interest those engaged in the production of pageants. A. S. Barnes & Co. will publish the book.

Zane Grey has planned and will leave shortly for a trip to the coast of Sonora to gather material for a new story.

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